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THE drop of the mark to 650 to the dollar is another sign that a catastrophe to Germany is inevitable if Lloyd George and his country do not call a halt upon French policy. Mr. Vanderlip cables that the real reason for English hesitation is fear of France's 800,000 troops, 2,700 airplanes, and her numerous submarines. That seems to us incredible. But the fact remains that the fate of all Europe, as Mr. Vanderlip again points out, hinges upon the coming conference between Lloyd George and Poincaré: "The world of Europe awaits the outcome of a conversation between two men and the lives of 440,000,000 of people will be greatly affected by the result of that conversation." Beyond doubt it will be one of the most momentous in human history and upon the side of Lloyd George must be thrown the influence of the United States. If Mr. Harding had but the faintest idea of what conditions in Europe are he would have a personal representative at that conference prepared to back up the British. Mr. Vanderlip cables that the situation calls for a president who combines with the "moral vision of Wilson," but without his "disabilities of temperament," "the popular vigor and daring of a Roosevelt, and the shrewdness of an Elihu Root in his prime." Alas, there is nothing in this which suggests Warren G. Harding.

BY their threatened occupation of Constantinople, the Greeks have for the moment united French and British policy in the Near East; the Allies have refused their demand for the city and have assured the Turks of protection in case of attack. By the Greeks' creation in Asia Minor of a new state—"Occidental Asia Minor"—they are likely to split this unity wide open again. Great Britain may welcome the creation of a Greek protectorate in that territory; France will certainly oppose it. Meanwhile a new war is on, and no matter what means she may now employ to halt it, it is England's war. She sent Greece into Asia Minor to fish for British interests; she promised to restore Asia Minor to the Turks when the animosity of the Moslem world took on a menacing form; and now the Near East is facing the consequences of her tortuous course.

EXECUTIVES of the railroads in New York and of the striking railroad workers in Chicago are in session as we write these lines, and whether or not they will accept President Harding's compromise plan is still uncertain. We hope they will, and that out of the crisis the country has been through the Railroad Labor Board will gain a new sense of its responsibility to maintain decent living standards and both parties to the controversy a new sense of the importance of respect for the rulings of the Board. The roads' contemptuous defiance of earlier rulings of the Board paved the way for the strike when the men's wages were cut. Meanwhile the coal strike drags on. The first week following President Harding's invitation to the operators to resume production under military protection brought an increase, as compared with the previous week, of only 6 per cent in coal produced—and this figure was 27 per cent below the output attained in mid-June when the operators still hoped to be able to crush the strike. Force, it is proved again, cannot settle strikes.

RECOGNITION by the United States of the Baltic republics of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania is a step toward a common-sense attitude to Russian problems. Soviet Russia made peace with them in the spring of 1920; the European Powers recognized them long ago; but our State Department, its policy controlled by a group of pan-Russian exiles, has steadfastly insisted that it must wait until Russia was restored to anti-bolshevists before it could sanction any territorial changes in the old Russian Empire. It made exceptions in the cases of Poland and of Finland, staunch centers of anti-soviet agitation; but it justified its refusal to deal with the Far Eastern Republic and its refusal to face facts in the Baltic by this quaint reasoning. Latvia and Esthonia have importance out of proportion to their size because they are Russia's windows to the Western world; Riga and Reval are the market-places where Soviet Russia and Western salesmen meet. It is to be hoped that our recognition of them means that the State Department is slowly feeling its way out of the impasse into which its refusal to deal with Russian realities has led it.

GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN, commander of the American troops on the Rhine, has issued a diplomatic denial of his denunciation of the use of black troops by the French. It is a very diplomatic denial, one of those which seems to say vastly more than it does, and comes six weeks after the interviews. General Allen now says that France cannot afford to take away from agriculture and industry the men she needs to stand guard on the Rhine. But what

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about the Africans? Have they no need for or right to their men? By what right does a white empire conscript the dark-skinned males of a weaker race and send them far from their homes to do the dirty work for which it does not want to spare its own troops? If France needs her men at home, she also needs the money spent upon the troops of occupation. Every sou that goes to maintain the Africans on the Rhine means a sou less for reparations. If the Frenchmen who talk so piteously of their lack of funds for reparations would urge a reduction in the French armies on the Rhine they would simplify the task of those in this country who believe as we do that the French debt to America must ultimately be canceled.

LIKE its long line of illustrious predecessors the Conference at the Hague, after many glorious battles of words, has ended in disagreement. The trouble seems to be that the Russians refused to give a blanket recognition of debts and property rights without receiving at least a promise of compensation. The French were roused to righteous wrath at the Russian lack of principle. Now we hope that Russia will never have to tax her hungry people to pay the Czar's debts, and we also think it would be ruinous if France should have to pay in full her debts to us, but we really cannot discover the difference between what in the case of France is described as "recognition in principle" and what in the case of Russia is called "repudiation" of public debts. And we cannot see how French statesmen could get up and talk as some of them did at the Hague without pausing, at the end of every other sentence, for a few loud chuckles.

LUIS TERRAZAS is, or was, the largest landholder in the world; his estates in Mexico covered an area greater than the whole of any other Central American country, some six and a half million acres. On July 12 *The Nation* published the decree of the Mexican Government expropriating the lands of Luis Terrazas. On its face the decree told little, but since its publication articles have appeared in various Mexican papers indicating that something more than a pious desire to provide land for the peasants lay behind the Government's action. The land which belonged to Luis Terrazas is in the state of Chihuahua, and most of it borders on the United States. For many years American interests have had their eyes on it, and recently Señor Terrazas visited New York, where a contract was signed turning over large sections of the Mexican borderland to various American business men. But down in Mexico City the statute-books show a law providing that no lands bordering on the United States shall be held by citizens of the United States. The signers of the contract were informed of this fact, but the polite representations of the Mexican Government had only their usual negative value. And so, after a further exchange of courtesies, the Mexican Government expropriated the lands of Señor Terrazas; and for the moment the border is safe. The *Heraldo de Mexico* states that the claims of the American interests involved are being steadily pressed. The incident is small but it casts light on the rigid principles of Secretary Hughes in regard to property rights in a neighboring sovereign state.

ONE of the most encouraging things that we have heard for a long time was Secretary Hughes's announcement that he was negotiating with Germany for a mixed claims commission upon which Germany would be represented, to determine the amounts of the claims of American citizens against Germany in accordance with pre-war procedure. Senator Underwood, who has been talking a great deal of late about these claims, seems to think that the war-time rule that anyone is good enough to sit in judgment upon the boche still holds good. Secretary Hughes's legal mind has rarely showed itself to better advantage than in his reply:

> [Senator Underwood's] bill seems to deal with the settlement of claims as if it were purely a domestic affair. But the claims are those of American citizens against Germany, Austria, and Hungary. . . . I should regard it as proper that [these Governments] should be represented on the Claims Commission by which the amount of the claims is to be fixed. I do not see that any different principle should be applied because we hold the personal property of former enemies in pledge. . . . To undertake to exclude a nation in a case like the present from any participation or voice in matters thus vitally affecting its interests and to deal with such matters by *ex parte* action would be, in my judgment, at variance with the principles and practice generally observed by nations in their relations with each other, and I should think it unfortunate if such a course were initiated by this Government.

We wonder if Secretary Hughes ever thinks how devastating that logic would be if applied to the Treaty of Versailles.

THE trend toward consolidation in American journalism goes on unchecked. Thus the Detroit *News* has lately paid no less than $1,700,000 for its rival, the *Journal*, in which price was not included a plant and equipment valued at $300,000. The only tangible property received by the *News* was the *Journal's* mailing lists, its advertising contracts, and some of its records; the agent who negotiated the sale declares that the sum paid was the largest ever spent for the abatement of a rival. This gives the *News* one of the most virile and successful of the Scripps publications, a monopoly of the Detroit evening field except for the *Times*, recently bought by Mr. Hearst. Across the border in Canada the steady decrease in the number of journals has also begun to attract attention. Thus, since 1914 thirty-eight daily journals have disappeared in the Dominion—ten through absorption and twenty-eight through failure. Two of the six Toronto dailies have succumbed; there are only two English dailies left in Montreal, and only one in Kitchener. "In the smaller cities," reports the Toronto *Star*, "it is no longer unusual to see a single daily newspaper in possession of the field. And where two are still left it is not uncommon to find that only one is profitable." Now if it were merely a question of news, and the news were supplied in sufficient quantity and reliability by a single daily, this state of affairs might be tolerable. But when we find, as in so many American cities, a single daily or only one morning and one evening paper in the field the matter acquires political importance. How can democracies carry on their business when only one point of view is presented to a given public?

THERE are occasions when the venerable New York *Times* almost gets on our editorial nerves. As, for instance, when it prints solid columns of learned guff about Egypt by the Hon. Frederick Cunliffe-Owen, C.B.E., beginning with a reference to the national independence "bestowed" upon Egypt "not as a right but as an act of grace" (*sic*) by Great Britain, and suggesting that Great Britain —not, we might comment, as a right but, presumably, as an "act of grace"—may have to take it back. Why even the *Times* prints such thin imperialist propaganda is beyond

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our powers of understanding. Whom could it deceive? But there are occasions when the *Times* forgets its usual air of lichen-covered near-New England conservatism and plunges into the fray with a vigor that delights. As, for instance, when it attacks its own reviewer Julian Street for his Nordic myths. Mr. Street, whose hair, the *Times* comments, is most un-Nordically black, cheers for the Nordics with Mr. Kenneth Roberts and denounces immigration as the curse that mongrelized and ruined Greece and Rome. The *Times* comments:

> Mr. Roberts does not supply examples of mongrelization but we may cite the ancient Greeks, the modern English and French and Japanese. Among peoples which have retained that racial purity so highly esteemed by Mr. Street and Mr. Roberts the best known are the Australian bushmen.

If only the *Times* had such a zest to attack other popular fallacies what a really great newspaper it might be!

ONE of the giant cables of Brooklyn Bridge has slipped an inch and three-quarters and there is sudden talk of a new bridge two miles uptown. The possibility that the old bridge may have to be abandoned or rebuilt set half a million people wondering how they would get to work. No one seems to have foreseen the danger or planned for the possible emergency. New York, like Topsy, has "just growed," and its transportation and residence problems have accordingly become doubly difficult. Hence no more important work for the city could be undertaken than the movement, guided by a committee led by Charles D. Norton, who rendered similarly useful service in connection with the Chicago development plan, to plan not for the immediate future of the great city, nor for ten years, but for a hundred years hence. The physical survey of the city has been under way for more than a year, and a legal inquiry for six months, and the Director of Surveys of the Sage Foundation is giving his entire time to the organization of a survey of social and living conditions. Naturally, the aim will be to consider the problem from every point of view—artistic and social as well as purely utilitarian and industrial. We have no doubt that it will prove a noteworthy example of the kind of service which American citizens are called upon to render to their communities because of the lack of initiative or foresight of the elected authorities.

MR. WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH, the outspoken editor of the *Churchman*, has again placed all lovers of peace under obligation to him. In a most admirable address on War and the Churches he puts squarely before the Christian church the demand that it henceforth declare all war and every kind of war a sin. He does not hark back to 1914; he declares that he is without sufficient grace to be a pacifist; but he is perfectly clear that the world will not get rid of "the stupid, beastly business of war" until the church outlaws it. Touching upon one of the worst phases of war, he declares that through it

> We are taught to hate the innocent. The church aids and abets this bestial business, in which every government engages in time of war, of blasting people's souls with the indecencies of hate. Nobody ever deserves to be hated as nations hate one another in war. To produce such venom, the hate-makers lie about their fellow-men. They suppress the truth which would mitigate hate. They deliberately spread a spiritual plague. They breathe out the hate germs from press bureaus. They befoul the minds of simple, honest, good-natured people with their lies. . . . Without the help of the devil we couldn't make warriors of men today. *The church blesses this beastly business!*

On the other side of the ocean Dean Inge of St. Paul's has just declared that it is now perfectly clear that during the war "most peoples were all stark mad together" and he calls upon the Christian nations for penitence. We hope that both of these admirable converts after the fact will yet realize that if the church does not outlaw war war will destroy the church. Out of a population of 700,000 in the city of Prague about 175,000 have recently declared that they were without affiliation with any church. In a small German city 1,500 people left the Catholic and Protestant churches in the week between last Christmas and New Year's Day. The church is going down hill.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, too, is quite clear upon this point. In an address to the National Free Church Council the British Premier said: "They are constructing more terrible machines than ever the late war saw. What for? Not for peace. What are they for? They are not even to disperse armies. They are to attack cities unarmed, where you have defenseless populations, to kill, to maim, to poison, to mutilate, to burn helpless women and children. If the churches of Christ throughout England and America allow that to fructify *they had better close their doors.* The next war, if it ever comes, will be a war on civilization itself." Indeed, all of Lloyd George's speech is so thoroughly pacifist as to put him squarely upon the black list of the American Defense Society, the National Security League, and other organizations whose only stock in trade is keeping up the fiction that we sooner or later have got to fight somebody—Japan or England or Germany or anybody else. Even more striking than Lloyd George's words were the "No More War" demonstrations on July 29 in Europe—they amounted to little in our backward America and were forbidden in reactionary Hungary. Mr. A. G. Gardiner declares that the British Government is becoming "seriously concerned over this movement" with its demonstrations "in every city and town" in England. As a result of this we have not only Lloyd George's speech but the decision of the British Ministry to have Germany admitted to the League of Nations, of which Mr. Gardiner says: "If this step had been taken two or three years ago Europe would have been saved immeasurable calamities."

WHICH reminds us of a garden party recently held at Buckingham Palace in London. It was not an exclusive function but some nice people were there, including one hundred Americans. In the course of the afternoon one man was heard to say, unrebuked, that "any nation that should carry on experiments with a view to the utilization of poison gas in warfare must be put outside the pale; other nations should band themselves against it just as when there is in a pack one dog that is bad, all the other dogs join in attacking it and keeping it in order." Such remarks are well-nigh treasonable, and the gentleman who made them—who should have known better, being the King of England—insulted not only his own country but his American guests, who hailed from a land whose proud boast it is that in the production of new and awful sorts of poisonous gases it is far and away ahead of any other. . . . We are out of breath and slightly apoplectic; we cannot proceed. But in the United States we should know how to deal with a fellow who talked like that.

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The Duty to Revolt

WHO can read the news from Washington and not feel that the time has come for men everywhere to raise the banner of revolt? We refer, of course, not only to the pitiful ineptitude of the White House, but to the word from Congress as well. In the Senate on July 26 the attempt of a few self-respecting Senators to prevent the theft of $200,000,000 from the American people through the imposition of wool duties, some of which run as high as *137 per cent*, was defeated by a vote of 43 to 22. Yet that was merely an attempt to limit the wool tariff maximum to 60 per cent. The itch for public graft again broke down party lines. Seven Democratic Senators, Ashhurst, Broussard, Kendrick, Sheppard, Jones (New Mexico), Walsh (Montana), and Ransdell, several of whom were ardent supporters of the Wilson tariff reductions, abandoned their party's principles and voted for the highest wool tariffs ever known. Nothing could more clearly indicate the degradation of both the great parties and their essential oneness. Eight Republican Senators, headed by Senators Lenroot and Borah, bolted and voted against the steal, but the list of the subservient ones included the names of several from whom the public had a right to expect better things—France of Maryland, Capper of Kansas, Jones of Washington, Ladd of North Dakota.

What is the explanation of it? Simply that the wool tariff grab was part and parcel of the whole plan to mulct the people and it could not be altered without calling for a new deal all around. It is known that certain bolters went to the inner steering-ring and declared that the voting of such a scandalous duty would wreck the party as a less outrageous schedule wrecked it and the Taft Administration in 1910. In so many words they were told that if a single brick were pulled out of the edifice the whole building would come toppling down. That is what the public never seems to understand. All the months of public committee meetings which precede the drafting of a tariff bill are the merest camouflage. The bargain and sale go on behind closed doors; they are no respecters of sections or parties and relate not at all to the real needs, where there are such, of any industry. Senators and Congressmen swap favors in a cold-blooded give-and-take for their States and their own personal aggrandizement, and a most elaborate system of deals is worked out—even the Agricultural Bloc sold its birthright for a mess of tariff pottage, and its members, like Senator Ladd, are voting for schedules which they know in their hearts to be indefensible robbery of their fellow-Americans. Do not some of these Senators realize that there will be a reckoning at the polls? Yes, indeed; they are like criminals who know that sooner or later the police will overhaul them. They are simply, in the slang of the street, "getting theirs while the getting is good"; just now, while Republicans expect to be trounced at the polls, they are counting on the utter headlessness of the Democratic Party, the total absence of a single leader who could even be considered for the presidential nomination, to pull the Republican Party through the elections by a narrow margin. If there were even intelligent opposition, to say nothing of an honest one, they would be swept off the political field.

Dishonest, incompetent to govern, without vision at home or abroad, without any domestic program whatsoever, and without men of any moral or political stature—this sums up Democrats as well as Republicans. The only question of importance is how much longer the American people are going to be stupid enough sheep to stand it. Fortunately, there are signs that the change is coming. Labor is getting into a fighting mood. The farmers are slowly beginning to awaken to their real opportunities. There are even big capitalists who realize that whether they like it or not there must be a change; they see that the whole country is rapidly going down hill; if they have read history they must know that nations cannot stand still, and that any nation which is wholly without a forward-looking program in one of its parties is in a parlous way. They are beginning to see that if they continue to dam the stream of progress the dam will some day burst with catastrophic effects. Every Western vote has shown that wherever a pseudo-Liberal or Progressive has run he has carried the primary election. There is an ominous spirit among the people, not easy to characterize or to measure, which bodes evil to the politicians. One of the ablest observers writes us privately from Indiana: "I have been out among the people more than any other ten men in this State put together and perhaps more than any other man in the country. A strange psychology exists and is growing more marked. It is hard to analyze but quite distinct and it is impossible for me to forecast the outcome."

All that the situation calls for is to plant the banner of revolt. There is no doubt whatever in our minds that if Senator William E. Borah should rise in his seat in the Senate and announce that he had cut loose from the body of death which is the Republican Party and would hence forth lead a new party, people would acclaim him as a Moses even without waiting to read his platform and to assay it to see if it were liberal or radical or slightly progressive. His Fourth of July speech against the bonus, which merely smacked of revolt, has had widespread echoes in press and public. Indeed, one cannot talk with any group of Americans, whatever their situation in life, without finding how disgusted with current politics they are and how happy they would be to break away from their past alliances.

Take the situation in New York alone. Here the electorate is not only facing the possibility of a fight over the governorship between Governor Miller, an old-fashioned Republican respectable, and William R. Hearst. The Senatorship bids fair to go almost by default; the choice may rest between Senator Calder, the present weak and useless incumbent, and a nonentity, possibly even Judge Cohalan, whose name is anathema to more than half the Irish and to almost everybody else who believes in political ideals and decent standards. One brave man of the type of Gifford Pinchot but more truly independent, if he could force proper publicity, would stir New York State to its depths—if he were radical enough. The newly organized party of labor, farmers, and Socialists affords an excellent basis for a new movement. Yet there does not seem to be a single man of the stature needed for the undertaking—this in the Empire State of twelve millions of people.

The old parties are but creatures of a worn-out and rotten economic system. There is no hope from them. And yet the country is astir, waiting the signal for revolt. In this situation a great responsibility rests upon Senator Borah, to whom Liberals and Radicals and even many conservatives are turning as to a savior.

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"Our Allies, Right or Wrong"

RAY STANNARD BAKER'S account of the Peace Conference, based upon President Wilson's private files, is the most valuable story of that futile poker-game which is yet available. Upon the propriety of an individual making public his own selection (or a friend's selection) of documents which came to him by virtue of his official position we shall not comment at length; it is certainly unfair to other players in the game, but we rejoice at any violations of those rules which keep the public from knowing all the cards and all the bids. Mr. Baker has made public some of the facts concerning the French determination to conscript black troops in the territories intrusted to them as a "mandate" and their attempts to set up a separatist republic on the Rhine. In most of these battles we see Mr. Wilson rather half-heartedly on the right side, usually consent in the end with a compromise solution that concealed virtual surrender.

In the last instalment, however, we find Mr. Wilson playing the most dangerous role in history: that of defender of alliances. The treaty had been written and Lloyd George was in what Mr. Baker calls a "funk." He knew the treaty was a bad treaty, he was afraid the Germans would not sign, and he wanted to rewrite the clauses concerning the occupation of the Rhineland. Clemenceau, of course, was resolutely opposed. Mr. Wilson was mildly sympathetic with Mr. Lloyd George's position, but he felt, as he put it, that "the most fatal thing that could happen, I should say, in the world, would be that sharp lines of division should be drawn among the Allied and Associated Powers." "And so," mildly comments Mr. Baker, "the Americans did not strongly second the British in their drive." The clauses remained unchanged. At the end of a long debate Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson signed a joint secret declaration that when the "Allied and Associated Powers concerned" were convinced that Germany was disarming satisfactorily they should limit the annual cost of the armies of occupation to a maximum of $60,000,000 a year, and that if Germany before the end of the 15-year term gave proofs of her good will and guaranties for fulfilment of her obligations the same Powers might "come to an agreement" for earlier termination of the Occupation—a meaningless declaration, because so worded that France alone could block action under it.

What was needed in those days, as in most crises of the world's history, was a statesman with the vision to see that the cement of alliances crumbles anyway when politicians attempt to use it to fill the gaps caused by injustice and by economic madness. The world was waiting for a man who would condone injustice in his allies no more than in his enemies. It waited in vain. Mr. Wilson spoke as the French and the Germans thought in 1914 when war might still have been averted. "The most fatal thing in the world" he believed was—not to impose a cruel and disastrous peace upon a conquered people, but—to let "sharp lines of division" arise between allies. That was what the Germans thought when they gave free rein to the Austrians in July, 1914. That was what the French thought when they made no effort to check Russia's secret mobilization in those last fatal days before the war. "My country, right or wrong" is a poor enough motto; "our Allies and Associates, right or wrong," has brought Europe to her present plight.

Theater or Theaters

THE recent tightening of the organization known as the Producing Managers' Association does not fill the observer and friend of the American theater with undivided satisfaction. Hitherto, if our impression is correct, this association has limited its activities to such matters as necessarily concern any one who produces plays in America. These matters, however important, are largely external. Of cooperation in the vital concerns of the art of the theater there has been little or none. The association has had no tendency to lessen the independence of its members or to place them in a position where the power or convenience of a majority might affect their moods and experiments.

With such a tendency a grave danger would arise. The arts thrive upon experimentation, upon dreams and audacities. The art of the theater is, from its very nature, not only an art but a business. Organization, the sobrieties and subordinations that go with any cooperative plan, would almost certainly tend to emphasize safety rather than innovation, business rather than art.

There are fifty-three producing managers in the association. These, it has been correctly observed, utterly dominate the American legitimate theater. But they do not, at present, dominate it together. We can think of at most seven to whom the theater is primarily an art; the other forty-six are coldly in the business of purveying melodramas, farces, sentimental comedies, girl-and-music shows. We are afraid of any situation in which the votes of the forty-six could be pitted against the votes of the seven; we are even more afraid of a situation in which the forty-six could make business more profitable and life easier for the seven if only the latter would consent to be a little—oh, just a very little—less "high-brow" or "pretentious" or "arty."

Our fears are still further aroused by the appointment of Mr. Augustus Thomas as "executive chairman" of the association. The author of "Arizona," "The Witching Hour," "Palmy Days," and "Nemesis" is a playwright who has honorably and successfully tried to make popular melodrama and sentimental comedy a more sensible and a more skilfully wrought article. To the drama in its noble and permanent sense, to its building of vision or austere grappling with reality, he has never sustained any relation. He has never pretended to sustain any. He is equally unpretentious now. "The routine of the theater, not its reform, will take up my time very largely, I imagine." Were Mr. Thomas a business man whose job it was to look after the matter of rentals, salaries, admissions, this statement would not be at all alarming. But what has routine to do with the selecting, casting, producing of plays? That process ought in itself to be a creative process and like all creative processes, silent and unique. From Mr. Thomas's point of view the process is likely to become a task at which fifty-three heads are better than one.

What we, in brief, desire to see preserved is that spirit of bold and free experimentation which has, of recent years, made several theatrical organizations among us inferior to few in the world. We want and need these theaters; we want more and more of them. What we do not want is a standardized theater run safely, sanely, profitably. You can manufacture trousers or razors in that spirit; you cannot write lyrics or compose symphonies or even produce plays.

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Hiram Johnson After Twelve Years

By GEORGE P. WEST

A VICE-PRESIDENT of the Southern Pacific Railroad has evolved and likes to repeat a formula that sums up the defensive strategy of conservatives the world over: "If you can't lick' em, join 'em!"

The author, Mr. E. O. McCormick of San Francisco, a shrewd and charming veteran of the old regime, presumably hit upon this device soon after Hiram Johnson, as Governor, had begun fulfilling his 1910 campaign pledge to "kick the Southern Pacific out of politics." And it was adopted with enthusiasm as soon as the bankers and public-service corporations and landlords had grasped the fact that rate regulation and workmen's compensation and an eight-hour law for women did not necessarily spell ruin for the established order.

The process of "joining" has gone on steadily ever since, until today, with Hiram Johnson seeking reelection to the Senate, his old friends of what Roosevelt called "the lunatic fringe" (meaning Progressives who refuse to be joined) feel like strangers in what they once considered their own house. It began with the able, zealous young men who rallied about Johnson in 1910. Few were radicals, but they were at least militant liberals, willing to engage in what seemed a losing fight against the traditionally unbeatable railroad machine. Today a list of the lawyers among them is virtually a list of high-salaried attorneys, lobbyists, and officials for the great power companies, banks, and railroads. They are still perfectly sincere and perfectly honest. They keep a mental museum of the dragons they slew in 1910, and flaunt the stuffed carcases whenever anyone intimates that they have changed. And, with their friends, they still control the State's dominant political organization upon which Hiram Johnson must depend.

As for Johnson himself he held out magnificently against the joining process, even grumbling in private against the disaffection of his young men, until his ambition to be President smothered nearly every other emotion. The first requisite for the Republican nomination at Chicago was a united California. His political agents achieved it, just how is an untold story, and Johnson became as the California prune, a State product, a State asset, the pride of every booster, which in California means every citizen fit to be out of jail. Even M. H. De Young, publisher of the conservative San Francisco *Chronicle*, the target of countless Johnsonian philippics as a leader in "the Black Horse Cavalry of privilege," became and remains to this day a Johnson man, so ardent a one that the candidacy of Johnson's opponent in the current campaign is not even reported in Mr. De Young's paper. The key to this unnatural alliance came to hand a few months after the Chicago convention when Johnson supported for junior United States Senator Mr. De Young's political protege, Samuel M. Shortridge, a San Francisco lawyer, who is a very Dickensian caricature of the cynically shrewd, unctuous, flowery-tongued legal servant of the rich. In 1912 Shortridge had denounced Johnson copiously as the Benedict Arnold of the Republican Party. In 1917 he had defended Oxman in his trial for suborning perjury, coming to the rescue of the Chamber of Commerce after the Mooney prosecution collapsed. Johnson supported this man, and his support nominated and elected him, although opposing Shortridge for the Republican nomination was William Kent, a true Progressive, who had helped to organize the original Johnson fight in 1910 and had made the first large contribution to the campaign fund.

Johnson's part in defeating Kent, amounting as it did to a betrayal of the cause of honest and liberal politics which Kent had served all his life, must not be seen as merely a venal concession to gain reactionary support for his presidential campaign. In a sense, it was not quite as bad as that. In another sense, it was worse. For it was not accompanied by any conscientious qualms or hesitations. Johnson found it easy to knife Kent because he disliked him, and he disliked him because Kent was too independent, was something more than a mere satellite, a courtier in Johnson's court. Nearly every conspicuous liberal who led in the 1910 fight against the railroad machine has suffered the same fate. Johnson kept Francis J. Heney out of the Senate in 1914 just as he kept Kent out in 1920. He has driven Chester Rowell into the ranks of his opponents, and he has broken with Rudolph Spreckels and many more. Year by year he has replaced true liberals with highly "practical" men who are "on the make." Without once sacrificing a personal independence that amounts to truculence, he has somehow managed to achieve political alliance with one after another of his old enemies, men who represent the power of money and privilege in California.

In justice to Johnson it should be said that he was never a radical, that he is not a profound thinker or a wide reader, and that his conception of politics has in it something of a sporting-page conception in which pugnacity is a major virtue, with red blood and guts as the true criteria of a proper man. He has these in abundance, together with a genius for picking able men and using them to achieve honest and efficient administration. An ironic circumstance in his career is the possibility that if he had succeeded in reaching the White House he might have made us forget every devious step taken as a means of getting there.

His administrative talents wasted in the Senate, Johnson's pugnacity and his genius for picking a simple issue and dramatizing it have had full play. His service in helping to defeat the Versailles treaty cannot be minimized, and his opposition to the Four Power Pact this year was even better. For whereas the straight, thick-and-thin Republicans of California were uncritically with him in opposition to a Democratic treaty in 1919, they were against him in 1922, when the Republican Harding stood in the Democrat Wilson's place as sponsor of an alliance. And he courageously risked the good-will of the Administration in a year when he especially needed its help to obtain high tariff rates for California products.

This tariff issue arouses sincere sympathy for a man of Johnson's decent instincts and keen intelligence whose love of power betrays him into seeking that tarnished and meretricious success which is the only sort a California majority is capable of giving just now. The California newspapers are beginning to print yards of Johnson "publicity." And at least half of it consists in resolutions and interviews praising Johnson for his services at Washington to the

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California prune, the California almond, the lemon, the walnut, the peach, the pear, and the bean. To adopt a saying of William Kent, he must raise his voice night and morning to protect the star-spangled American bean from the pauper bean of Asia, the loyal 100 per cent California lemon from the bolshevist-tainted product of Sicily. One major reason why Johnson will be reelected is his success in getting for California landowners a federal license to raid American breakfast tables and sideboards.

On the two California issues that most interest liberals this year, Johnson remains silent. The first is civil liberties. His pugnacity was aroused against the I. W. W. when they sent him threatening letters after the shockingly unjust conviction of Ford and Suhr and their life sentence to Folsom as a result of the Wheatland hop-pickers' riot in 1913. With a primitive conception of justice, he announced that he would not even consider their applications for pardon or parole in the face of the threats, although Ford and Suhr obviously were not party to these. He has shared the ordinary privileged Californian's bitter prejudice against these wandering agitators, and even now, when the State is disgracing itself by ruthless prosecutions under the criminal syndicalism act, he remains silent, although he bid for liberal support during his presidential campaign by attacking the Wilsonian abuse of constitutional rights. Indeed, one of his talking-points against Kent was that Kent had subscribed $500 to the I. W. W. defense fund in 1918 as a protest against the injustice of the Chicago trial, and had helped the Nonpartisan League, which Johnson himself publicly denounced during his presidential primary campaign. Even when Miss Anita Whitney was sentenced to prison for criminal syndicalism, Johnson uttered no protest, although even so unpretentious a liberal as Senator Phelan was moved to telegraph a vigorous dissent from Washington.

The other issue in California this year is State versus private development and operation of water-power. An act providing for State development has been initiated by a group headed by Rudolph Spreckels, William Kent, Dr. John R. Haynes of Los Angeles, Francis J. Heney, and others, and is indorsed by the League of California Municipalities, the State Federation of Labor, and practically every other liberal individual or association in the State that hasn't been "joined." The act was carefully drawn and has been indorsed by Gifford Pinchot as a model. It provides for State development of additional hydro-electric power in cooperation with local communities, and permits the State also to take over existing privately owned systems where that seems advisable. Hydro-electric power is all important in California. Used more generally than elsewhere for domestic and industrial purposes, electricity from the far-away Sierra also runs the irrigation pumps on which the life of orchards and fields depends. Who controls hydro-electric power controls the economic life of the State. The half-dozen great power companies wield more influence today than the old Southern Pacific group ever dreamed of. Ten of the sixteen regents of the University of California are officials or directors of power companies, and it was they who chose as president of the university David P. Barrows, a man who began life as a Y. M. C. A. secretary and "compensated" for it until he became a colonel in the Intelligence Division of the Army, an intimate and supporter of Semionov in Siberia, an ardent advocate of peace-time conscription, a shoddy American imitation of the British imperialist, whose first act on assuming the presidency was to deny Raymond Robins a hall on the campus because Robins had discovered the Russian revolution about four years too soon.

The power companies are regulated as to rates and service by the State Railroad Commission, still staffed by men who were leaders in the Johnson campaign of 1910. But the joining process has been particularly active in this quarter, until public confidence in the commission is at a low ebb. Probably it is weakness inherent in regulation that men put in office merely to criticize other men responsible for vast and fascinating public services will grow tired of their critical attitude and gradually identify themselves in interest and sympathy with the able and personally admirable corporation promoters and executives. Two members of the Johnson commission have left to take high salaries as officials for public-service corporations, and so conservative a Governor as Mr. Stephens has reprimanded the commission publicly for questionable rate increases.

Mr. Spreckels still has some hope of persuading Senator Johnson to speak out on behalf of the Water and Power Act, a hope based on the theory that Johnson will feel the need of rallying once more his old liberal support. But that is unlikely. The power companies have put their very expensive and hectic campaign against the act in the hands of Eustace Cullinan, a San Francisco lawyer, who is one of Johnson's closest personal friends and most effective political lieutenants. The most powerful power-company bankers are in the Johnson camp and contributed generously to his presidential campaign fund. They are represented on his campaign committee. So, although Johnson was willing to quit Washington in order to take part in a campaign for public ownership in New York, in California his lips are sealed.

Only a paragraph remains for Johnson's opponent. It is enough to say of Charles C. Moore that he is a San Francisco engineer and business promoter who won the gratitude of his city and State by his achievement as president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. His consenting to run against Johnson for the Republican nomination ended a desperate search by men animated primarily by dislike of Johnson. The Moore following is a motley. The best of them are old friends of Johnson who resent the ungenerous, hate-filled side of his character, as illustrated by his treatment of Heney and Kent and his alienation of many others who dared to disagree with him. They will support Moore emotionally and uncritically merely because he hasn't Johnson's particular faults. Next comes a rather large group that has never forgiven Johnson for opposing the League of Nations. It is probably the most intelligent group in the country that still believes in the Versailles league. The explanation is that they never heard the liberal case against Versailles because their ears were filled with the jingoistic clamor with which Johnson helped to accomplish a good thing in a bad way. Johnson's friendly relations with Hearst offended many. The debate in California was an unreal one between Johnson's flag-waving chauvinism on the one hand and a mere theory of international cooperation on the other. Chester Rowell is the leader of this group. Its opposition to Johnson was revived by his stand on the Four Power Pact, and this time they were joined by the remnant of Old Guard Republicans who had always opposed Johnson, business reactionaries of the type who really believed that Secretary Wilson

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was an anarchist in the Cabinet. They are led by Harry Haldeman of Los Angeles, president of the Better America Federation. They blacken the Moore camp by their presence, and by contrast the liberal veneer that is still Johnson's greatest attraction for voters shines brightly. Mr. Moore himself has chosen the weakest ground on his front by making the issue one of supporting Harding, thus drawing from the Johnson camp the obvious retort that he wants to be a rubber-stamp Senator. There is every prospect that this sort of stupidity will continue to characterize the Moore campaign, and that Johnson will be renominated on August 29 by an overwhelming majority. As to any issue except the personal, Johnson is being opposed for his virtues, and any informed liberal who had to vote for either of them would choose Johnson without thinking twice. They would do this moreover with the hope that Johnson's innate decency, his instinctive kindliness, his human impulses, and his fundamental leaning toward progress and a better order would be the dominating qualities in a time when old shibboleths are obviously worn out and the tide against reaction appears to have set in. In that hope the liberals of the entire country who regard Johnson as a national figure and want him to stand up and be counted, will join eagerly. To those like the writer who feel that progressivism of the Johnson type is worse than inadequate because it dodges and obscures the issue, an alternative is presented by Upton Sinclair who has qualified as the sole candidate for the Socialist nomination.

Germany, 1922

IV. Some Hopeful Signs

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ON the 18th of June I saw the Hamburg and Nuremberg football teams compete in the Charlottenburg Stadium for the championship of Germany. For hours and hours they played in the longest game in the history of the sport, without being able to break the tie in the score, which came to pass fairly early in the game. There were at least 25,000 people present, and I confess that I had to rub my eyes when I saw that the teams had their organized "rooters" carrying flags and heard the organized cheers with which plays were greeted by the followers of the teams. Some of the spectators had come from distant cities to witness the match, which was, of course, the English game and not the American, and the newspapers made as much fuss over the struggle as ours do over the Yale-Harvard football games. All of which is a development of the new Germany. Wherever one goes in Germany one sees not only football games but crews on the rivers and other forms of outdoor activity. Now it is true that the beginnings of this go back into the last century, yet it is the universal testimony that there has been a tremendous increase in outdoor sport since the war. That I consider one of the hopeful signs of the times, for German youth got a good deal of its physical training in the old days in the army with its vicious overtraining, its bad moral atmosphere, and often worse barrack associations. Great pedestrians the Germans always were; the delightful custom of whole families going out for excursions and tramps remains, but the development of sport is of tremendous importance just now, furnishing as it does an outlet for the surplus energy of the young men and young women, inciting them to bodily development, teaching them cooperation and team-work, and above all diverting their minds from political and social conditions.

Athletics, too, have contributed their part to the freer and better relationship of boys and girls. It seems incredible to believe that even in the early nineties it was impossible for German boys and girls to go skating together without a chaperon; now they go off on tramps together all day long in the same normal and natural intercourse which marks the goings-on of our American boys and girls. That in itself spells a social revolution, precisely as does the attendance of young women at the universities. And this normal development is also furthered by the so-called *Jugendbewegung*, which is particularly carried on in the spirit of a new and a broader Germany. On Sundays and holidays one meets splendid groups of young men and young women, ranging down to small boys and girls, roaming through the country, often engaged in nature study. True, many of the university students are reactionary, chiefly young men who, like so many of our returned soldiers, served during the war and learned nothing from it, and there are associations formed by adherents of the old order in which the children are being marshaled into the narrowest nationalistic creeds —the sort of thing that our Daughters of the Revolution and other similar groups would heartily approve were the movement going on in this country. Fortunately, the liberalism of Germany is also at work in molding the spirit of the youth today and laying special stress upon moral and physical development through their associations. Some of the conventions run entirely by young boys and girls not yet of university age are, I am told, quite extraordinary in their interest in public affairs and their determination that the new Germany shall be nobler and better than the old. There is a strong anti-war tendency among them; indeed, the German pacifist movement is in a far healthier and more promising condition than the American.

Again, I was struck by the acceptance of the Republic as something that had come to stay by many men whose associations and traditions had led me to expect something else. Even when they were bitter critics of the Wirth Government and longed to bring about its overthrow I found that they did not question the present form of government. I was delighted, too, to see how many people of standing and influence have seen through the Hindenburg and Ludendorff humbug and have come to realize that the Kaiser was not in the least degree the superman they once thought he was. Side by side with much admirable analysis of the past of Germany and free admission of the stupidity which permitted the coming of the war and marked its conduct by the General Staff is the extraordinary resolution to work and build anew, upon which almost every writer who has visited Germany has commented. The determination to succeed and to retrieve the ground lost inevitably suggests a comparison with the similar spirit which built up Prussia at the close of the Napoleonic wars. If Germany is only given a

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fair chance she will be rebuilt in a surprisingly short time, her debts paid, and her people again placed in a position to contribute to the joint advancement of mankind. Adversity is a wonderful school if the lessons taught in it are applied and the spirit of the pupils is a good one. At present any wide intellectual revival lags because of the isolation of Germany and the other reasons I have already set forth in this series; but in the commercial field there is remarkable progress; industries are being rebuilt, plants are being modernized and brought up to date, and the necessary plans are laid to set about earning a large portion of the world's trade just as soon as economic and financial conditions again become normal.

It is unfortunate that the press of the country is not in a condition to help as it should in this encouraging turning to work for work's sake. The nationalist papers are of course doing infinite harm, but the whole press of the country is in such financial straits that it cannot begin to carry on the purely cultural service, as opposed to political and news, that it ought to render. No less than one hundred and seventy German newspapers and periodicals gave up the ghost last winter, one of them, the *Laubaner Tageblatt*, at the age of one hundred and fifty years, the cause of death being largely the rise in the price of paper from 20 pfennigs to 12 marks 80 pfennigs. Again, the fact that only seven great German newspapers are making money means that deficits are being paid by individuals or groups and usually for selfish purposes. It is, of course, a bad sign that men of the type of Hugo Stinnes are buying up newspapers in every direction. Fortunately, that is offset in considerable measure by the appearance of a large number of publications representing new spiritual and political tendencies, just as in the United States we have small journals of protest against existing tendencies and conditions. It is a hopeful sign, too, that the profound German admiration of scholarship and of thorough research has survived the war.

Next to be counted among the hopeful signs is the growing solidarity of the German workingmen and their increasing influence upon the Government. It was not my good fortune to have time enough in Berlin to get into personal communication with the heads of the labor-union movement, but everything that I heard was encouraging. And it certainly marks a new epoch to find high officials turning to the unions as the great bulwark of German liberty and counting upon the general strike, which we here in America think such a terrible thing, as the reliable weapon which is going in the last resort to come to the rescue of democratic Germany and make the restoration of the monarchy impossible.

Most Americans are eager to know whether there is any prospect of the Kaiser or the Crown Prince coming back. As to that there can be a most definite answer: No. Both have lost their appeal to German imagination as well as to German common sense. If the empire should be restored it will either be a son of the Crown Prince who will mount the throne or the present Crown Prince of Bavaria. But I personally cannot believe that the trade unions will permit anything of the kind. If a throne is reestablished anywhere in Germany it will be for only a short time and the man who will sit upon it will have anything but a happy existence. The masses, I believe, are solidly convinced that it is a republic that they want and I do not think that the bulk of them can be misled even if economic conditions get very, very much worse than they are. It is certainly gratifying to find a former follower of the old regime, General von Deimling, a distinguished commander of armies in the war, declaring that the great hope for Germany today is the pulling together of all the German people in a true comradeship and that such a genuine comradeship "can only be built upon the foundation of a democratic republic." He especially appeals to the monarchists to recognize that "we now have a republic and we shall have that republic as far as any one can look into the future. The whole development of modern times moves in the direction of democracy." To this he added the warmest kind of a defense of the conduct of the Jews in the war, declaring that they had their full share of "front service, sacrifices of life, decorations and promotions. It is time that an end should be made to the attacks upon Jews in Germany, for the attacks destroy and do not build up." He added that he considered that what the German people had done since the armistice was wonderful; that it had so rapidly pulled itself out of the chaos of the debacle was marvelous.

General von Deimling is correct. To anyone revisiting Germany after three years' absence the change from the lawlessness of March, 1919, to the law and order of today is one of the best omens for the future of Germany. There is much complaining, of course. Many are down-hearted, yet on the whole one gets an extraordinarily moving impression of the power of human beings to fight on, to keep their nerve under most distressing conditions. One feels it more in Germany than in Austria; something of that same power of humans to forge ahead undaunted no matter what the difficulties must surely be an explanation of how the Russia of today lives. But it is not only the innate power of the human race for which one must feel respect in Germany. Despite all the contradictions and all the glaring contrasts and paradoxes, whether one likes Germans or not, one cannot come away save with a feeling of admiration for the way the people are buckling to their terrible tasks. The belief is unavoidable that here is an extraordinarily virile, resourceful, inventive, and able people that will yet survive the blunders of its rulers, and its own blunder in accepting such rulers, and will rise to greater spiritual and economic heights than ever in the past.

Contributors to This Issue

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Sherwood Anderson is the author of "Windy McPherson's Son," "Marching Men," "Mid-American Chants," "Winesburg, Ohio," "Poor White," and "The Triumph of the Egg." He won the *Dial's* award of $2,000 in recognition of his services to American letters for the year 1921.

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These United States—IX*

OHIO: I'll Say We've Done Well

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I AM compelled to write of the State of Ohio reminiscently and from flashing impressions got during these last ten years, although I was born there, my young manhood was spent within its borders, and later I went back and spent another five or six years as a manufacturer in the State. And so I have always thought of myself as an Ohioan and no doubt shall always remain, inside myself, an Ohioan.

Very well, then, it is my State and there are a thousand things within it I love and as many things I do not like much at all. And I dare say I might have some difficulty setting down just the things about Ohio that I most dislike were it not for the fact that what I am to write is to appear in *The Nation,* and *The Nation,* being, well anyway what they call broad-minded, cannot well refuse room to my particular form of broadening out, as it were.

Ohio is a big State. It is strong. It is the State of Harding and McKinley. I am told that my own father once played in the Silver Cornet Band at Caledonia, Ohio. Warren G. may remember him as Teddy, sometimes called Major Anderson. He ran a small harness shop at Caledonia. Just why he was called Major I never knew. Perhaps because his people came from the South. Anyway, I ought to have a job at Washington. Everyone else from that county has one.

And now Ohio has got very big and very strong and its Youngstown, Cincinnati, Akron, Cleveland, Toledo, and perhaps a dozen other prosperous industrial cities, can put themselves forward as being as ugly, as noisy, as dirty, and as mean in their civic spirit as any American industrial cities anywhere. "Come you men of 'these States,'" as old Walt Whitman was so fond of saying, in his windier moods, trot out your cities. Have you a city that smells worse than Akron, that is a worse junk-heap of ugliness than Youngstown, that is more smugly self-satisfied than Cleveland, or that has missed as unbelievably great an opportunity to be one of the lovely cities of the world as has the city of Cincinnati? I'll warrant you have not. In this modern pushing American civilization of ours you other States have nothing on our Ohio. Credit where credit is due, citizens. I claim that we Ohio men have taken as lovely a land as ever lay outdoors and that we have, in our towns and cities, put the old stamp of ourselves on it for keeps.

Of course, you understand, that to do this we have had to work. Take for example a city like Cincinnati. There it sits on its hills, the lovely southern Ohio and northern Kentucky hills, and a poet coming there might have gone into the neighboring hills and looked down on the site of the great city; well, what I say is that such a poet might have dreamed of a white and golden city nestling there with the beautiful Ohio at its feet. And that city might, you understand, have crept off into the green hills, that the poet might have compared to the breasts of goddesses, and in the morning when the sun came out and the men, women, and children of the city came out of their houses and looking abroad over their sweet land of Ohio ——

But pshaw, let's cut that bunk.

We Ohioans tackled the job and we put the kibosh on that poet tribe for keeps. If you don't believe it, go down and look at our city of Cincinnati now. We have done something against great odds down there. First we had to lick the poet out of our own hearts and then we had to lick nature herself, but we did it. Today our river front in Cincinnati is as mean looking a place as the lake front in Chicago or Cleveland, and you please bear in mind that down there in Cincinnati we had less money to work with than they did up in Chicago or even in Cleveland.

Well, we did it. We have ripped up those hills and cut out all that breasts-of-goddesses stuff and we've got a whanging big Rotary Club and a couple of years ago we won the World Series, or bought it, and we've got some nice rotten old boats in the river and some old sheds on the waterfront where, but for us, there might not have been anything but water.

And now let's move about the State a little while I point out to you a few more things we have done. Of course, we haven't any Henry Ford over there, but just bear in mind that John D. Rockefeller and Mark Hanna and Harvey Firestone and Willys up at Toledo and a lot of other live ones are Ohio men and what I claim is—they have done well.

Look at what we had to buck up against. You go back into American history a little and you'll see for yourself what I mean. Do you remember when La Salle was working his way westward, up there in Canada, and he kept hearing about a country to the south and a river called the Ohio? The rest of his crowd didn't want to go down that way and so, being a modest man and not wanting to set himself up against public opinion, he pretended to be down of a bad sickness. So the rest of the bunch, priests and Indians and others, went on out west and he just took a couple of years off and cut out southward alone, with a few Indians. And even afoot and through the thick woods a man can cover quite a considerable amount of territory in two years. My notion is he probably saw it all.

I remember that an old man I knew when I was a boy told me about seeing the Ohio River in the early days, when the rolling hills along its banks were still covered with great trees, and what he said I can't remember exactly, but anyway, he gave me the impression of a sweet, clear, and majestic stream, in which one could swim and see the sand of the bottom far below, through the sparkling water. The impression I got from the old man was of boys swimming on their backs, and white clouds floating overhead, and the hills running away, and the branches of trees tossed by the wind like the waves of a vast green sea.

It may be that La Salle went there and did that. It wouldn't surprise me if some such scandal should creep out about him. And then, maybe, after he got down to where

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This is the ninth article in the series entitled These United States. The first was on the State of Kansas by William Allen White (April 19), the second on Maryland by H. L. Mencken (May 3), the third on Mississippi by Beulah Amidon Ratliff (May 17), the fourth on Vermont by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (May 31), the fifth on New Jersey by Edmund Wilson, Jr. (June 14), the sixth on Utah by Murray E. King (June 28), the seventh on South Carolina by Ludwig Lewisohn (July 12), and the eighth on Nevada by Anne Martin (July 26).

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Louisville, Kentucky, now stands, and he found he couldn't get any further with his boats because of the falls in the river—or pretended he couldn't because he was so stuck on the fine Ohio country up above—it may be, I say, that he turned back and went northward along eastern Ohio and into a land of even more majestic hills and finer forests and got finally into that country of soft stepping little hills, up there facing Lake Erie.

I say maybe he did and I have my own reasons. You see this fellow La Salle wasn't much of a one to talk. He didn't advertise very well. What I mean is he was an uncommunicative man. But you go look him up in the books and you will see that later he was always being condemned, after that trip, and that he was always afterward accused of being a visionary and a dreamer.

From all I've ever been able to hear about Ohio, as it was before we white men and New Englanders got in there and went to work, the land might have done that to La Salle, and for that matter to our own sons, too, if we, God-fearing men, hadn't got in there just when we did, and rolled up our sleeves, and got right down to the business of making a good, up-and-coming, Middle-Western, American State out of it. And, thank goodness, we had the old pep in us to do it. We original northern Ohio men were mostly New Englanders and we came out of cold stony New England and over the rocky hills of northern New York State to get into Ohio.

I suppose the hardship we endured before we got to Ohio was what helped us to bang right ahead and cut down trees and build railroads and whang the Indians over the heads with our picks and shovels and put up churches and later start the anti-saloon league and all the other splendid things we have done. I'll tell you that the country makes no mistake when it comes to our State for Presidents. We train our sons up right over there.

Why, I can remember myself, when I was a boy, and how I once got out of a job and went one fall with a string of race horses all over our State. I found out then what La Salle was up against when our State was what you might call new, in a way of speaking. Why, I got as dreamy and mopy, drifting along through the beautiful Ohio country that fall, as any no-account you ever saw. I fooled along until I got fired. That's how I came out.

Then of course I had to go into the cities and get a job in a factory and the better way of life got in its chance at me, so that for years I had as good a bringing up and knew as much about hustling and pushing myself forward and advertising and not getting dreamy or visionary as any American there is. What I mean is that if I have slipped any since I do not blame the modern Ohio people for it. It's my own fault. You can't blame a town like Toledo or Cleveland or Akron or any of our up-and-coming Ohio cities if a man turns out to be a bum American and doesn't care about driving a motor at fifty miles an hour or doesn't go to the movies much evenings.

What I mean to say is that this business of writing up the States in the pages of *The Nation* is, I'll bet anything, going to turn out just as I expected. There'll be a lot of knocking, that's what I'll bet. But I'm not going to do that. I live in Chicago now and our motto out here is, "Put away your hammer and get out your horn." Mayor Thompson of Chicago got that up. And, anyway, I think it is pretty much all silliness, this knocking and this carping criticism of everything American and splendid I hear going on nowadays. I'm that way myself sometimes and I'm ashamed of it.

The trouble with me is that I once had a perfectly good little factory over in Ohio, and there was a nice ash-heap in a vacant lot beside it, and it was on a nice stream, and I dumped stuff out of my factory and killed the fish in it and spoiled it just splendid for a while. What I think now is that I would have been all right and a good man, too, but on summer afternoons I got to moping about the Ohio hills alone, instead of going over to the Elks Club and playing pool where I might have got in with some of the boys and picked up some good points. There were a lot of good bang-up Ohio pushers over in that Ohio town I had my factory in and I neglected them. So of course I went broke and I'll admit I've been rather a sorehead ever since. But when I come down to admit the honest truth I'll have to say it wasn't Ohio's fault at all.

Why, do you know, I've had times when I thought I'd like to see that strip of country we call Ohio, just as that Frenchman La Salle must have seen it. What I mean is with nothing over there but the dear, green hills and the clear, sweet rivers and nobody around but a few Indians and all the whites and the splendid modern cities all gone to—I won't say where, because it's a thought I don't have very often and I'm ashamed of it.

What I suppose gets me yet is what got me when I stayed away from the Elks Club and went walking in the hills when I was trying to be a manufacturer, and what got me fired when I was a race-track swipe. I get to thinking of what that darned old man once told me. I'll bet he was a Bolshevik. What he told me set me dreaming about swimming in clear streams, and seeing white cities sitting on hills, and of other cities up along the northern end of my State, facing Lake Erie, where in the evening canoes and maybe even gondolas would drift in and out of the lake and among the stone houses, whose color was slowly changing and growing richer with the passage of time.

But, as I say, that's all poet stuff and bunk. Having such pipe dreams is just what put the old kibosh on my factory, I'll bet anything. What I think is that a man should be glad it's getting harder and harder for any of our sons to make the same mistakes I did. For, as I figure it out, things are going just splendidly over in Ohio now. Why, nearly every town is a factory town now and some of them have got streets in them that would make New York or London or Chicago sit up and take notice. What I mean is, almost as many people to every square foot of ground and just as jammed up and dirty and smoky.

To be sure, the job isn't all done yet. There are lots of places where you can still see the green hills and every once in a while a citizen of a city like Cleveland, for example, gets a kind of accidental glimpse at the lake, but even in a big town like Chicago, where they have a lot of money and a large police force, a thing like that will happen now and then. You can't do everything all at once. But things are getting better all the time. A little more push, a little more old zip and go, and a man over in Ohio can lead a decent life.

He can get up in the morning and go through a street where all the houses are nicely blacked up with coal soot, and into a factory where all he has to do all day long is to drill a hole in a piece of iron. It's fine the way Ford and Willys and all such fellows have made factory work so nice. Nowadays all you have to do, if you live in an up-to-date

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Ohio town, is to make, say, twenty-three million holes in pieces of iron, all just alike, in a lifetime. Isn't that fine? And at night a fellow can go home thanking God, and he can walk right past the finest cinder piles and places where they dump old tin cans and everything without paying a cent.

And so I don't see why what such cities as Cleveland and Cincinnati have done to knock dreaminess and natural beauty of scene galley-west can't be done also by all the smaller towns and cities pretty fast now. What I'm sure is they can do it if the old New England stock hasn't worn out and if they keep out foreign influences all they can. And even the farmers can make their places out in the country look more modern and like the slums of a good live city like Chicago or Cleveland if they'll only pep up and work a little harder this fall when the crops are laid by.

And so, as far as I can see, what I say is, Ohio is O. K.

[*The next article in this series, to be published in* The Nation *of August 23, will be* The State of Maine—"Down East," *by Robert Herrick.*]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter hears much about the gouging of tourists in Europe this summer but nothing to equal the recent experience of a doughty American general in a famous Paris hotel. He is a rich man this soldier, now civilian again, but the bill he received was too large even for his abundant exchequer. But the manager refused to alter it. "What is this item of five thousand francs?" roared the general. "Why, that," said the manager, "is our charge for the use of our elevators by your servants." "But I have no servant," stormed the American, "only a private secretary who comes and goes once a day." "That makes no difference," said the *hôtelier*. But just then a page entered the room and presented to the general the card of Marshal Foch. The discussion of the bill thereupon came to an end. When the Marshal's visit was over the *hôtelier* reappeared to announce that after all there had been some mistakes in the bill which in its final form represented about half its original size—which shows the Drifter that field marshals sometimes have their uses after all.

* * * * *

FROM Poland the Drifter hears a delightful story about General Pilsudski. Poland has never quite recovered from the dispatch of an American commission headed by Henry Morgenthau to investigate the charges of pogroms against the Jews, although that American commission was very much kinder to Poland in its findings than was the corresponding British one. The other day, the story runs, General Pilsudski went up to an American—it was soon after the news of the latest burnings in Texas—and solemnly said to him, with a twinkle in his eyes, that he very much feared he should have to appoint a Polish commission to investigate the pogroms against the Negroes in America. "You know," he said, "we have two Negro Polish citizens. On behalf of this important minority of my people I feel that we must protest, and I am seriously considering appointing a commission composed of one of our Negro citizens, a white Pole, and an American." The American listener begged him to carry out his plans, believing it would shame America a little, but the General merely laughed and went his way.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Eminent Scholar Gone

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Sir George Prothero must bring more than the common measure of sorrow to those who knew him. It is as though something of irretrievable beauty and value had passed from us. His biographers will speak of the scholarship and learned achievement which the world has recognized. They will tell of the historian who in the "Cambridge Modern History" made real the dream of Lord Acton, and at Paris, from that background of knowledge, looked out with level eyes of pain upon the vagaries of the Peace Conference.

But here in these few lines the wish is to recall and fix in memory that figure of gracious charm as it revealed its stores of learning and sensitive sympathy among the not-to-be-rivaled hospitalities of that home in Bedford Square. There, during the darkest days of the war, gathered around their host and the most exquisite of hostesses a unique company who seemed to at least one onlooker the saving remnant in a dissolving society. One has read with envy of the night-long talks so recently painted by Mr. Strachey, which Madame du Deffand would never allow to be ended, when the same room held Montesquieu and Voltaire, D'Alembert and Fontenelle, to join in which in later years Horace Walpole slipped over from London. But those who gathered at the Protheros came under the shadow of a great event that gave a seriousness and a significance to every flash of wit, every allusion to history, every venture into philosophy. Learning that rivaled the encyclopedists' was there, women whose experience of the great world transcended that of the French ladies who knew only their Paris. And all went forth thence, as Haydon phrased it, "with propulsive force against the evils of life."

It would be wrong to close without one word of that Editor who sat in the hallowed spot where Scott and Byron met, to walk thence arm in arm down Albemarle Street—that Editor with whom to talk and to work was to be admitted a novice into the great tradition of English letters.

Philadelphia, July 25 C. H. B.

A Soldier on Amnesty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 19 I noticed a reference to a petition to the President asking that the political prisoners now held in Leavenworth for expressing their opinions be freed. I should like to get a copy of the petition, as I think that I could get some few signers here. I should also like to know what has been done toward making a canvass of this part of the country.

I am very grateful to *The Nation* for the information it has given me about these cases, among other things. I was in the American Expeditionary Force, and shall very likely be in the next war if it comes while I am still physically fit, but some of my best friends, who did their part in the last war, will go to Leavenworth in the next if the country is as intolerant then as it has been for some years. And the worst of it is that I shall feel that theirs is the nobler part.

Cumberland Center, Maine, July 21 R. L. BLANCHARD

Dr. Johnson on New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Wilson's article on New Jersey in a recent issue it may interest you to recall what Dr. Johnson says on the subject in his "Lives of the Poets." Speaking of the poet Waller's sons, he says: "Benjamin, the eldest, was disinherited, and sent to New Jersey as wanting common understanding."

Amenia, New York, July 18 J. E. S.

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The Ballad of Adam's First

By LELAND DAVIS

Some Gypsies are like her,
Wild, dark, free!
Beads on her middle jimp
For girdle wore she.

That brown woman Lilith,
For dinner one day,
Poaching in Paradise,
Found Adam at play.

"You're some like the Father,
And some like the Snake,
Some like a sweet rarity
God's made for my sake.

"God's made me a rarity,
The very first man!
I'll be a true leman
As long as I can!"

In a mud loblolly,
Barefooted, he played—
Adam, that builded
The first bower made.

Beads on her middle jimp,
Hell-black hair—
Her beads and her beauty
Were raiment rare!

The Kiss

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Heap slumber on your eyes;
Stop your mouth with dust;
Be all that you were not,
As dead folk must.

Be all that you were not,
Unmindful, cold, apart—
The kiss you gave that dusk,
Tears at your heart!

Education

By VIRGINIA WOODS MACKALL

God is good, and teaches me
Sober facts continually.

He has taught me what I am
And the proper use of damn;

He has humbled me by showing
All the little sins worth knowing;

He has let me hear him laugh
At man's pious phonograph;

And has blessed me, with his touch,
For not trusting him too much.

Books

Twenty Years of Masefield

John Masefield. A Critical Study. By W. H. Hamilton. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

AT thirty John Masefield was unknown. He wrote for ten years, and "The Everlasting Mercy" made him the most famous poet alive in England. He wrote for ten more years, until at fifty he is established as one of England's real writers, and a book is devoted to his work. That work is voluminous, and at first sight miscellaneous; for it includes over a dozen volumes of verse, nine original and three translated plays, six novels, five volumes of prose about the sea, four volumes of war prose, and a brilliant book on Shakespeare, not to mention twenty-five edited titles. But it is informed by a single spirit, and the drift of it is clear.

The aim of Mr. Masefield, first and last, consciously and unconsciously, has been to vindicate the intense life, the life of bravery and beauty, the life of desperate passion. Now these things are native to poetry, or should be, and something might seem to be the matter with a man who set out to prove them; or with an age that needed them proved. Mr. Masefield blames the age. Explicitly or not, he charges that the world we live in is dead, dry, and unheroic; that it despises the spirit and "all things high"; that it fears and suspects beauty; that it is incapable of tragedy. His three novels which are not mere tales of adventure, "Captain Margaret," "Multitude and Solitude," and "The Street of Today," cry out against a society in which understanding is expressed with a shrug and wisdom with a sneer. He would have wonder and tears, life lived in the innermost arteries, things felt in the bones.

Tragedy, to Mr. Masefield, is the most important and beautiful thing in existence. "Commonplace people dislike tragedy," he says in the preface to "The Tragedy of Nan," "because they dare not suffer and cannot exult. The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not lightly to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deadly path across history. . . . Our playwrights have all the powers except that power of exultation which comes from a delighted brooding on excessive, terrible things. . . . The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing. It is only by such vision that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal." Four of the plays of Mr. Masefield are pitiful almost beyond endurance, and if three others are not it is only because their characters are historical and cannot be intimately felt. So with his longer poems, all but one of which, "The Everlasting Mercy," are pathetic to the core, and one of which, "The Widow in the Bye Street," he records he wrote to show a "worthy woman made heartbroken for no apparent reason." Tragedy broods over "The Daffodil Fields" like some dark bird; "Dauber" welters and moans with cruelty; "Rosas" is ghastly.

Tragedy in Mr. Masefield is usually the tragedy of personal failure:

> "The meaning shows in the defeated thing."

The earliest volume of his verse began with a dedication to the down and out:

> "Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
> Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told."

He has grown more subtle than that in twenty years, but he has not ceased loving the under dog when he is fine. He conceives essential tragedy to consist in the extinction by unconscious force of infinitely conscious and delicate personality; the pity being enhanced by the fact that the successful thing does not know what it has crushed—did not even know it was there

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to be crushed. The consolation once possible in thought upon divine justice is no longer to be had; beauty, hope, grace, once extinguished are always extinguished.

"Here in the self is all that man can know
Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly color, all the glow,
Here in the self which withers like a flower;
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,
And droops and dies and rots and is forgotten,
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.
Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood and throbbing in the bone,
Beauty herself, the universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone.
The god, the holy ghost, the atoning lord,
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored."

He might have been expected to deal with the tragedy of Jesus,

"Of one poor man's naked intelligence
Pitted against the world and being crushed";

and he did so in "Good Friday." The hero of "Dauber" dies without anyone's believing that he is an artist. Asano, in "The Faithful," Pompey the Great, and Nan—all are too rare to be left alive. Poor Reynard the Fox is pitted against a hundred hunters and hounds. The ship Wanderer becomes more worthy of worship with every catastrophe. Even Shakespeare's English kings, in the one volume of criticism which Mr. Masefield has written, take places in the procession: "Henry VI does not conform to type. He has the qualities of the Christian mystic. He is stabbed in the Tower. . . . Richard II does not conform to type. He is a man of ideas. He is done to death at Pomfret. King John does not conform to type. His intellect is bigger than his capacity for affairs. He is poisoned by a monk at Swinstead. . . . The world cares little for the rare and the interesting. . . . The soul that suffers more than other souls is little regarded here."

Convincing as all this is, or would be in a man with more humor, it loses force in Mr. Masefield through his whimpering, hectic style, or lack of style. No one piece that he has written is philosophically or emotionally profound. All are exciting, and most of them reek with misfortune; but Mr. Masefield has yet to prove that he is the man to awaken in the present generation the tragic sense of life. He has remained incurably immature, if not in his philosophy at least in the expression of his philosophy; he has been and will be anything but seer. Today at fifty he rattles off soliloquies about fate and beauty and dust and the night of the soul, rattles them off in first-rate stanzas; but they have a schoolboy sound.

"All the great things of life are swiftly done,
Creation, death, and love the double gate.
However much we dawdle in the sun
We have to hurry at the touch of Fate;
When Life knocks at the door no one can wait,
When Death makes his arrest we have to go.
And so with Love, and Jimmy found it so."

In 1896 he discovered Chaucer at Yonkers. Soon he was reading other great English poets, and he has devoted his life to writing like them. He never will succeed if to be a great poet is to be a great philosopher.

Mr. Masefield should understand that to be a great poet it is sufficient to be a great poet. He is indubitably that if he will tend to his poetry. To be a great poet is to have a voice of one's own, to make music the exact like of which no other man has made. It is to bother less about seeing things than about saying them. It is to have amplitude, eloquence, speed. It is to be careless on occasion (Mr. Masefield, however, finds ten times too many occasions). It is to create a verse-medium through which any material whatever can be drawn and rendered poetical. It is to love words, and the ring of truth, and leave the composition of truth to jesting Pilate. In Mr. Masefield's case particularly it is to tell stories about animals and men, to sing songs about the wind and everything that moves, to watch battles and feel adventure, to describe the visible, lively earth. Mr. Masefield has all that in him. The following stanzas from "Dauber" and "The Daffodil Fields" are not philosophy, but they are true. They are as fine as anything done in the twentieth century; they are unlike anything in the poetry of England. And they cannot be imitated. Will the next ten years see more of their sort?

"All through the windless night the clipper rolled
In a great swell with oily gradual heaves
Which rolled her down until her time-bells tolled,
Clang, and the weltering water moaned like beeves.
The thundering rattle of slatting shook the sheaves,
Startles of water made the swing ports gush.
The sea was moaning and sighing and saying 'Hush!'"

"Between the barren pasture and the wood
There is a patch of poultry-stricken grass,
Where, in old time, Ryemeadows' Farmhouse stood,
And human fate brought tragic things to pass.
A spring comes bubbling up there, cold as glass;
It bubbles down, crusting the leaves with lime,
Babbling the selfsame song that it has sung through time.

"Ducks gobble at the selvage of the brook,
But still it slips away, the cold hill-spring,
Past the Ryemeadows' lonely woodland nook
Where many a stubble gray-goose preens her wing,
On, by the woodland side. You hear it sing
Past the lone copse where poachers set their wires,
Past the green hill once grim with sacrificial fires.

"Another water joins it; then it turns,
Runs through the Ponton Wood, still turning west,
Past foxgloves, Canterbury bells, and ferns,
And many a blackbird's, many a thrush's nest;
The cattle tread it there; then, with a zest
It sparkles out, babbling its pretty chatter
Through Foxholes Farm, where it gives white-faced cattle water.

"Under the road it runs, and now it slips
Past the great plowland, babbling, drop and linn,
To the moos'd stumps of elm trees which it lips,
And blackberry-bramble trails where eddies spin.
Then, on its left, some short-grassed fields begin,
Red-clayed and pleasant, which the young spring fills
With the never-ending joy of dancing daffodils."

MARK VAN DOREN

The Last Half

Senescence: The Last Half of Life. By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton Company. $5.

IN the poignantly personal Introduction to his latest work Mr. Hall wonders if he will not be found "depressing." Well, the book itself might serve as a touchstone by which those who are within the period he is considering may test themselves. If you still refuse, even if beyond sixty, to be cast down by his soberer pages, or if you observe some capacity to rebound, you may count yourself as yet among the young. Indeed, the only chapter to bring us close to the shadow of the Great Dissolution is the last of all, and before that time the thesis of the book has been pretty thoroughly worked out. The author has arranged to have his sun go down in a certain potential glory: if we linger on into the succeeding gloom, that is a matter of choice. In fact, your predominant feeling may be one of exhilaration over the gallant spirit shown by a man of seventy-five who, while no longer technically in the world,

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is still determined to be of it, and whose mind is set on demonstrating to his coevals, and to their juniors, what old age can be made and what services it may perform.

"Senescence" is, on the whole, somewhat easier to compass than "Adolescence" was. It is in one volume instead of two; looking backward, instead of forward, it has a less definite structure and trend to be followed and mastered; still more than its predecessor it is in the nature of a compilation, and this phase is emphasized by an extended questionnaire in which many elders of capacity and distinction express themselves (however partially and cautiously) on a dozen points germane to the general inquiry. Thus, in several of the chapters one is free to select and summarize for oneself.

Mr. Hall's encyclopedic ransacking of the centuries begins with classical antiquity: Aristotle has his say, and Cicero his. Aristotle in particular makes the ancients (meaning the ancients among the ancients) most pathetic. And, indeed, they had their drawbacks and deprivations: teeth without dentists, eyes without spectacles, ears without ear-trumpets, bones without rocking-chairs, cold without "central heating," leisure without electric lights, magazines, and golf-links, general deterioration without transplantation of glands, and little or nothing in the way of asylums, old-age pensions, and Sunset Clubs. Surely the lot of the modern ancient (in regard to the things that today considers essential) is less bleak, chill, and stony.

Mr. Hall early blazes a trail through the domain of old age and its history; and, as I have implied, a reader may pick and choose from the author's illustrations along the way. If he prefers to pass over Cicero's Cato, he may pause upon the prodigies which Luigi Cornaro performed on himself in the days of the Venetian Renaissance. Or he may fly to a later England and listen to the sentiments and aphorisms of Bacon or Burton or Swift. In any event, with whatever acceptances and declinations, he will be well served and satisfied.

The same with regard to the succeeding chapter, Literature on and by the Aged. Here the choice is even wider; from Emerson to Walt Mason, and from Cardinal Gibbons to Richard Le Gallienne. There is a quaintly curt résumé of Howells's "Eighty Years and After," and also an extended survey of Shaw's "Back to Methuselah." Again the choice is wide and varied—one need not read all. So also with a later chapter on medical views and treatment. If you do not care for Charcot, you may move on to Sir James Crichton-Brown. If you prefer Sir Dyce Duckworth to the untitled Ewald of Germany, your choice is untrammeled. To review *all* the medical authorities, seriatim, might indeed depress.

Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," whatever other views may be taken of that eminent farceur, seems to have made a real impression on Mr. Hall. He, also, feels that life is now too short to prepare for life. But with the span of life limited as it is, let the old help out the younger. Old age has its services to perform—here is the author's "main thesis." Old age may be, and ought to be, "an Indian summer of increased clarity and efficiency in intellectual work." A central trait of old age is disillusionment: "It sees through the shams and vanities of life." The very basis of our civilization is now in danger for want of the "aloofness, impartiality, and power of generalization that age can best supply." Age should not devote itself to rest and rust, nor to amusements, travel, or indulgence of personal tastes, but should address itself to the newer tasks that wait in such abundance, realizing that it owes a debt to the world which it now really wants to pay. Never such a "crying need of Nestors and Merlins" as in these post-bellum days, when the objectivity, impartiality, breadth, and perspective that age alone can supply are more needed than ever before. The world requires freedom from the vanity and shallowness of narrow partisanship and jingoism, and clearness of vision to see through "the social shams that often veil corruption and the insanity of the money-hunt that monopolizes most of the energy of our entire civilization," and to perceive that "with all our vaunted progress man still remains essentially juvenile—much as he was before history began." What the world needs, Mr. Hall maintains, continuing, is a higher criticism of life. The function of competent old age should be to sum up, keep perspective, draw lessons. It should be the keeper of the standards of right and wrong and mete out justice with the impartiality and aloofness that befit it, even "supplanting the technicalities of law by equity and giving ethics its rights in verdicts." There is even a suggestion for a National Senescent League, with committees, publications, and all the other apparatus of organization. The wisdom of the old, as exhibited through the past ten years, is unlikely enough (as most of us have been made to feel) to commend itself to the younger generation and Mr. Hall is prepared to recognize this fact. "The World War was not primarily a young man's war, for most of the soldiers were sent by their elders and met their death that the influence of the latter might be augmented. Men may be made senile by their years without growing wise. Thus the world is without true leaders in this hour of its greatest need till we wonder whether a few score funerals of those now in power would not be our greatest boon. A psychological senility that neither learns nor forgets is always a menace and a check instead of being, as true old age should be, a guide in emergencies."

However, a full mortuary coloring is reserved for the closing pages. But even here, "general information" and "literature" continue, as before, and soften the final shock. One may dwell, with our author himself, on Thanatopsis and Crossing the Bar; or one may adopt a more independent line of thought, posing, with an intent and stiffened fortitude and with a secular disregard of earlier teachings, the alert and gallant query: "What next?"

HENRY B. FULLER

A Political Sir Bedivere

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. By Oscar Douglas Skelton. The Century Company. 2 vols. $8.

NO genuine lover of democracy, Canadian or other, can complete the reading of these two volumes without experiencing a profound sense of depression. For what Mr. Skelton has succeeded in making of them, whether intentionally or unintentionally matters little, is not so much the mere life story of Canada's foremost Liberal statesman as the record of the constitutional and political background amidst which the happenings of that story were enacted. And the record is indeed a shameful one. True, the period covered was a time of material expansion and of seeming national success. It witnessed the development of a half-dozen weakling, jealous colonies, slightly practiced in their tardily won and much begrudged right of self-government, into a powerfully influential and virtually coordinate partnership in the British commonwealth of nations, the trebling of their populations, an addition to their domestic industry and foreign trade that has raised their financial rating from a few millions of dollars to comfortable billions, an extension of their railway system from a paltry thousand miles of length to the inclusion of a triple transcontinental service, and their attainment of a stature in military efficiency capable of sustaining with signal effectiveness a by no means minor part in the World War. Yet it was a period, too, that saw the natural rivalries and antagonisms inherent in the Canadian heritage of racial dichotomy, obliteration and reconciliation of which was everywhere recognized as of paramount importance in the creation of a stable federation of states, magnified by religious and economic distrust and hatred to a degree of sectional animosity that threatens to retard indefinitely the achievement of a permanent solidarity in Canadian nationalism. It was a period which saw the degeneration of public morality in Canada from a level at which Dominion school children could be taught, in all good conscience, to thank God that they did not belong to a citizenry such as that of their unspeakable neighbors on the south to a depth of political prostitution that has bettered its south-

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ern instruction in every trick of graft and bribery derived from however iniquitous a source. This is instanced alike in the perhaps unprecedented effrontery of the pillaging of government funds and holdings that took place throughout the expansion era of Canada's railway building, and in the astounding amount of defiant war-time profiteering, both in place-getting and production, that tarnished with ignominy an otherwise honorable episode in Canadian history. More deplorable, though, than either the increase in bitterness of feeling between French and English Canada or the decay in civic virtue in each part of the country was the fact that the one personality in public life who both by principle and example set himself steadfastly to resist the drift toward either eventuality always encountered vehement opposition as a party leader and finally met with unmistakable repudiation.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at least as presented through the medium of his official biography, falls somewhat short of the rank of the truly great, whether judged by his deeds or by his spoken or written word. He was a politician of an old school, a self-confessed Victorian Whig, who lived on into an age when something more than a doctrinaire liberalism was demanded of him. Without a far-sighted plan of constructive statesmanship he was subject to the compulsion of shaping his course by a day-to-day advance from one position to another. As a consequence he found himself at the close of his career considerably removed from his early desire for Canadian independence, on the one hand calmly acquiescent in a movement that headed straight toward an assumption on the part of the colonies of a growing number of Imperial privileges and responsibilities, on the other quietly opposing any tendency that might show itself in the direction of a closer Empire organization, and apparently altogether indifferent about crossing the bridge of determining whither his paradox of policies must sooner or later lead. Equally unplotted was the path he pursued in deciding upon his own, and his party's, stand on such varied matters as the tariff, reciprocity with the United States, the denominational schools question, and a program of national railway construction. Yet with all the contradictions and readjustments in the planking of political platforms inevitably accompanying so devious a progression, he was preeminently the man the needs of his time required. For however much of an opportunist Sir Wilfrid Laurier may have been in respect to the means employed in reaching his wished-for ends as leader of a parliamentary opposition or as the first minister of his land, he was none, as his biographer is at pains to point out on more than one occasion, in respect to his morality. Two features of his life-long party service stand out with unquestionable consistency: his fundamental honesty and his devotion to the cause of Canadian race harmony. With what tenacity of moral courage he maintained himself in the situation in which these, his most conspicuous personal characteristic and his most compelling political purpose, placed him is revealed in the necessity he was frequently under of repelling single-handed the combined attacks of Orange fanaticism in Ontario and the bigotry of Ultramontanism in Quebec. One would think that the accident of his French-Canadian birth, coupled with the enforced associations of his years of party management with English-speaking colleagues, might have made him an irresistible influence in the realization of the dream to which he dedicated himself when entering the arena of Canadian politics: "I have taken the work of Confederation where I found it . . . and determined to give it my life." But in the end they defeated him, and he went to his grave with the rancors of the conscription issue menacing the last vestiges of whatever had been accomplished in the healing of inter-racial conflict during a half century's experiment in colonial union. Too English for his fellow French-Canadians, too French for his countrymen of British extraction, too Catholic for the Protestants, too Protestant for the Papists, he fought in what was bound to be for him a losing contest. The fifteen years of his premiership, a longer continuous reign of power than that of any other Canadian premier, may appear to deny this, but the often repeated "I have lived too long" of his later days shows how really empty was his seeming triumph. The time came when his once successful electioneering slogan, "Follow my white plume," phrased in reference to his silvering locks, proved a vain appeal even in his own Quebec. It meant that the sterling qualities of a gallant knight "sans peur et sans reproche," the grail of whose unceasing quest was the vision of a national unity based on racial and religious tolerance, could move the Canadian electorate no more. Therein lay not only the personal tragedy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier but that of his country as well.

Mr. Skelton's work is obviously that of a partisan admirer of its subject, with the resultant effect that it suffers slightly from lack of frankness in criticism and convincingness of defense. Certain aspects of Laurier's public life call for rather more explanation of procedure and motive than this account of them affords, notably his disinclination to correct the weaknesses of his government's railway policy, the tardiness of his concern over the peculations and derelictions of his cabinet associates, his advocacy of the original clauses of the Northwest province bills, the failure to prepare his followers for the announcement of the reciprocity proposals of 1911, his unwillingness to support Sir Robert Borden's advance along the pathway he himself had blazed toward the goal of utmost colonial autonomy compatible with Imperial sovereignty, and his unreasoning suspicion of the imperialistic designs of the London *Round Table* group. From the point of view of an American reader, Mr. Skelton's work suffers also from an occasional obscurity of allusion to the little-known participants in provincial politics. Less frequently there is obscurity of statement and careless proofreading. Upon the whole the impression which this book creates remains that of an inviting task graciously undertaken and competently performed. Undoubtedly it will take the place it rightfully deserves, among the greater Canadian biographies.

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International Relations Section

Mexico's Land

THE latest Mexican law regulating the expropriation and distribution of agricultural lands was signed by President Obregon on April 10 and printed in the *Diario Oficial* on April 18. The new law revises and corrects, on the basis of more than a year of experience, the earlier land law passed by the present Government which was published in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* on February 9, 1921.

I, Alvaro Obregon, constitutional President of the United States of Mexico, in virtue of the powers granted me in Section 1 of Article 89 of the general constitution of the Republic, and Article 3 of the law passed by the Congress of the Union, November 22, 1921, and in accordance with the bases established by that law, have decided to issue the following

Agrarian Regulation

Article 1. Lands may be requested and obtained in connection with the transfer and allotment of lands throughout the Republic by:

(a) Villages;
(b) Hamlets;
(c) Fraternal societies;
(d) Cooperative colonies;
(e) Community groups;
(f) Groups living on estates which have been abandoned by their owners and who have had to cultivate the surrounding lands in order to keep alive; and
(g) The cities and towns whose population has fallen off considerably or which have lost the main source of their wealth and are no longer industrial, commercial, or mining centers.

Art. 2. Only those who can be classified in one of the above categories shall be entitled to the rights stated in Article 1. Their classification shall be verified by the report of the governor of the state or territory under whose jurisdiction they reside, which shall show that in the political division of state or territory the group in question comes under one of the categories which could justify their claim. Provisional possession of land will not be granted to such cities and towns as mentioned above without the previous consent of the National Agrarian Commission, based on the claim involved, together with the data accompanying such claim, turned over by the proper local agrarian commission.

Art. 3. The groups living on estates not included in any of the categories under Article 1, and which have been built up in order to provide homes for those who cultivate them shall not be entitled to claim land; but they may request and obtain from the Federal Government national lands for the purpose of founding a colony whenever their claim is authorized by at least twenty-five heads of families or duly qualified persons.

Art. 4. Before the transfer and allotment takes place, the group which makes the claim must legally prove to the proper local agrarian commission that its case is provided for in Section VII of Article 27 of the constitution.

Art. 5. Transfer of land shall not take place in the following cases:

(a) When the present owner proves that his title to the lands in question is based on the distribution made in virtue of the law of June 25, 1856; and
(b) When it is proved that the lands claimed by the villages, hamlets, fraternal societies, or community groups do not exceed 50 hectares and have been possessed by right of title under the same name for more than ten years. In case the lands exceed this amount, the surplus shall be distributed.

Art. 6. When, after the distribution of land among the members of a village, hamlet, fraternal society, or community group has been legally carried out, some form of corruption is discovered, the transfer can only be nullified when two-thirds of the members so desire and demonstrate clearly such irregularity.

Art. 7. When land is to be transferred, its area shall be determined according to the title, and where this is lacking according to the statement turned in by the group which requests its transfer. In any case small holdings of less than 50 hectares, as mentioned in Article 27 of the constitution, shall be respected.

Art. 8. When a transfer is made of land exceeding 50 hectares, which the owner has possessed by right of title for the last ten years, 50 hectares shall be reserved for him.

Art. 9. The area of the land in case of allotment shall be determined by assigning to each head of a family or person over 18 years of age from 3 to 5 hectares of irrigated or well-watered land; 4 to 6 hectares of seasonal land receiving a regular and abundant rainfall; and 6 to 8 hectares of other seasonal land.

Art. 10. The amounts of land referred to in the previous article must be reduced to the minimum amount when they are not less than 8 kilometers away from the large centers of population or from the railroads, and one-half of the maximum amount when at a less distance there are other groups which are also entitled to a part in the transfer and allotment of land, if the surrounding land suitable for cultivation is not sufficient for complete distribution.

Art. 11. In arid or mountainous regions the assignments for each head of a family or person over 18 years of age may be increased up to three times the above-mentioned amounts.

Art. 12. The area of the lands shall always be determined on the basis of a census of the heads of families and of males over 18 years of age living in the village which requests the transfer, which census shall be carried out as provided further on.

Art. 13. When several pieces of property are to be distributed, each one shall be treated according to its size, considering always the quality of the land.

Art. 14. The following forms of property shall be exempt from transfer:

(a) Property not over 50 hectares in area, in irrigated and moist regions;
(b) Property not over 250 hectares in seasonal lands in regions with a regular and abundant rainfall;
(c) Property not over 500 hectares in other seasonal regions;
(d) Property which by its very nature forms an industrial agricultural unit, and which is being utilized; but in such a case the owner must turn over an equal quantity of good land as near to it as possible.

Art. 15. In all cases in which land is taken for allotment, the owner shall retain title to the amounts stated in Sections (a), (b), and (c) of Article 14, subject to the modifications established by Article 17.

Art. 16. Lands cannot be claimed by sections which may be classed as suburbs, annexed to and dependent politically upon a village, city, or town government.

Art. 17. In case the land surrounding any group entitled to claim land is composed entirely of the forms of property listed under Article 14, the amount of property exempted shall be reduced to one-half.

Art. 18. The following shall not be included in the distribution:

(a) Buildings of all kinds;
(b) Orchards or plantations of fruit-trees set out before the promulgation of this law;
(c) Coffee cocoa, vanilla, India-rubber, and other such plantations;
(d) Water-works destined to irrigate lands which lie outside of the transferred section;

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(e) Canals for the irrigation of lands outside of the transferred section.

ART. 19. In every case of provisional or final possession, the owners of the property involved shall be given sufficient time to raise the coming harvest which is exclusively their property, for which purpose the national or local agrarian commission shall determine a suitable period.

When the property on the lands includes maguey plants to be used in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, only one year will be allowed for vacating the lands.

ART. 20. When lands affected by the transfer are cultivated by crop rotation, their owners may give up in exchange an area of land of the same quality equal to the amount due from them, whenever the distance between such lands and the group which is to receive them is not more than five kilometers. In case the owners affected do not give notice in writing before the final decision that they are willing to give up other lands, they will be granted a year's time to reap their harvest, and if they wish to keep them and cultivate them, they must make an agreement through their local agrarian commission with the group which was to receive them.

ART. 21. When land which is provisionally occupied includes woods, the members of the group which has the use of them will not be permitted to cut down any trees; but they may use all the dead wood and what is strictly necessary for household use. Nor will they be permitted to do any construction of a permanent nature as long as their title to the lands is only temporary. Except for this, they may have free use of the woods, within the limits established by the forestry legislation.

ART. 22. The census referred to in Article 12 shall be carried out by agents appointed: one by the proper local agrarian commission; another by the group interested in the allotment; and the third by the local authorities under whose political jurisdiction the group resides. Immediately after the census is completed, a copy shall be sent to each of the owners of the property involved, so that they may make any remarks regarding the data within a fixed term of ten days from the date they are sent out.

ART. 23. The following shall not be included in the census:

(a) Those in the professional class;

(b) Those who are registered in the General Tax Record as owners of amounts of land larger than what they would receive as their share from the distribution;

(c) Those who, according to official record or proof, possess an agricultural, industrial, or commercial capital of over $1,000;

(d) Federal, local, or municipal government employees, or private employees whose salary is over $75 a month.

ART. 24. The National Agrarian Commission, according to Section I, Article 4 of the law of January 6, 1915, shall be composed of nine members, three of which shall be agricultural experts, two civil engineers, and the rest persons of unquestionable integrity in the judgment of the executive of the union; and they shall not, at the time of their appointment, or at any time during their tenure of office, hold any property which might be affected by any transfer or allotment of lands.

ART. 25. The local agrarian commissions shall be composed of one agricultural expert, one civil engineer, and three other persons, all of recognized integrity, and who do not hold any property of the nature set forth in the preceding Article.

ART. 26. In accordance with Article 5 of the decree of January 6, 1915, and of Section I of Article 3 of the decree of November 22, 1921, the special executive commissions shall be responsible to the local agrarian commissions of the states, which shall obey orders from the executive of the union issued through the National Agrarian Commission under penalty of removal from office in case of disobedience, which penalty shall be carried out by the governor of the state or territory under whose administrative jurisdiction the case would naturally come, without further appeal.

ART. 27. The measures relating to transfer or allotment of lands shall be carried out by the local agrarian commissions and provisionally determined by the governor within the fixed period of five months. The special executive commissions shall permit provisional possession within one month following the decision in favor of such possession. Contravention of the terms indicated shall be dealt with according to Section VII of Article 3 of the decree referred to above, dated November 22, 1921, without affecting the provision that when the time granted to the governors to announce their decision has passed, the delegate of the National Agrarian Commission in the state in which the case comes up shall receive the instructions of the local agrarian commissions and submit them to the National Commission so that this body may discuss the final decision with the President of the Republic in the person of the Secretary of Agriculture and Promotion.

ART. 28. In every measure relating to transfer or allotment of lands, all statements and proofs submitted by the owners involved shall be collected and discussed, and as soon as action is taken on them the owners shall be notified that they have thirty days in which to make any statements concerning their rights before the National Agrarian Commission.

TRANSITORY

ART. 1. Proceedings relating to transfer and allotment of lands which have not been terminated by final or provisional decision must conform to the provisions of this regulation; this applies also to any proceedings begun in the future on behalf of the groups which are legally entitled to such action.

ART. 2. The present regulation shall take effect from the day of its promulgation, and all rulings conflicting with it are hereby abrogated, and the agrarian commissions are granted a period of twenty days, counted also from the date of the promulgation of this regulation, to organize in accordance with its provisions.

Wherefore I command that it be printed, published, circulated, and given full publicity.

A. OBREGON,
F. DOZAL, Assistant Secretary, in charge of the Department of Agriculture and Production

To General PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES, Secretary of State and of the Department of Government Affairs

April 10, 1922

A Treaty with Russia

THE following terms of the commercial treaty between Russia and Italy signed at Genoa were printed in the *Economic Review* (London) as coming from a Russian source. So far there has been no report of the treaty's ratification and the Russian press has commented on the fact that its terms include no specific recognition of the Soviet Government.

1. Each contracting party grants full right to the subjects of the other to enter and reside in its territory and there work and engage in commerce and industry or intellectual work without being liable for military service or for payment of a tax for exemption therefrom, subject, however, to the regulations existing in each country with regard to the admission of foreigners and to the reciprocity of the above-mentioned rights. Such persons shall have full right to work without the obligation of belonging to any labor associations, and may join provident and insurance institutions. They may introduce into Russia the machinery and tools necessary to their work and take them out again on leaving Russia. Such persons shall be guaranteed full liberty to deal with foreign banking institutions and to keep their money free from outside control without incurring any legal disability and without the necessity for previous security.

2. The work, rights, property, real or personal, of the subjects of either contracting party introduced into or acquired in

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the territory of the other after this convention comes into operation shall not be subject to nationalization or confiscation. Requisitions may be levied only under *force majeure*, and in pursuance of legislation, and shall be subject to compensations guaranteed by official documents.

3. Makes special provisions for the protection of patent or industrial rights, copyright, etc.

4. Treats of mutual support of commercial and economic undertakings.

5. The Russian Government undertakes to take into due account Italian interests when granting further oil concessions, and when entering into oil enterprises in cooperation with foreign capital.

6, 7, 8. Define the relations between the two countries with regard to the setting up of contracts for the supply of, and concessions of, works of all kinds and the mutual transmission of wireless messages and equality of treatment for the emigrant subjects and companies of all kinds of the two countries.

9. No differential treatment to be allowed to the detriment of subjects of either state in the carrying on of commerce, industry, trades, or professions within the limits allowed by law of the respective states.

10, 11. Define and regulate the exercise of trade in the two countries, excluding preferential treatment in favor of the subjects of any other state to the detriment of those of either of the contracting parties. This principle to apply to exports, imports, rights of manufacture, or consumption and concessions.

12. The Russian Government undertakes to authorize Italian shipowners to trade in the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff on the same terms as those contained in the navigation treaty to be concluded between the contracting parties within four months. Freights to be paid in foreign currency outside Russia and in Russian money in the ports of embarkation. Changes in the rates of port dues to apply only after two months' notice. Loading as well as the delivery in Russian ports of goods destined for Italy in the future shall be assured as far as possible by the Russian Government. The Russian Government, when not using its own flag, undertakes for the two years following the conclusion of the treaty to give preference to the Italian flag in carrying goods on behalf of the Russian Government either from Italian to Black Sea ports or vice versa.

13. The Italian Government will set up a monthly service from Trieste and Genoa to Black Sea ports to be converted into a fortnightly service as soon as the goods consigned to Italian ports shall have attained 50 per cent of the tonnage of the vessels of such lines. In return the Russian Government undertakes to allow the import of Italian oranges and lemons and their derivatives, and not to impose such duties on them as will prevent their import.

14. Provides for the regulation of traffic, customs duties, and bonding and warehousing of goods in Black Sea and Azoff ports. The governments reserve the right to provide for the transit of goods to and from Russia through Trieste or another Italian port.

15. As soon as circumstances admit the contracting parties shall draw up an agreement regulating the legal, economic, and social positions of Italians proceeding to Russia.

16. The contracting parties agree to recognize all arbitration clauses agreed upon between their subjects, whether individual emigrants or companies.

17. The most favored nation treatment to apply to matters concerning the status of the subjects of the contracting parties; economic and commercial relations, including transit, concessions of all kinds, sea and river navigation.

18. The treatment accorded under clauses 10 and 17 shall not be extended to facilities now or hereafter to be conceded by Italy to another conterminous state for frontier traffic, nor by the Soviet Republic to territory formerly belonging to the Russian Empire or to the Republic of Bokhara.

19. The present treaty shall apply to all territory under the rule of the Soviet Government and of allied federated republics.

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20. The terms of the agreement to be executed by local authorities.

21, 22. The preliminary agreement of December 26 shall remain in force as modified by the present convention, which shall remain in force for two years and then automatically for periods of six months unless denounced.

Annexed to the above treaty is a special agreement granting to an Italian syndicate under the control of the Italian Government 100,000 hectares of land, at present uncultivated, for the production of corn or other supplies required by Italy. The land may be chosen either in the northern Caucasus or round the mouths of the Dnieper and Don. The term of the concession is 25 years with right of renewal for an equal period or of reversion to the Russian Government on nine years' notice against compensation, the amount of which to be fixed by agreement. The percentage on the gross proceeds to be paid to the Russian Government is 15 per cent on cereals, 15 per cent to 20 per cent on live stock, and on special produce according to arrangement. The goods of the grantees shall be inviolate and shall not be liable to confiscation, expropriation, or nationalization, but in the case of *force majeure* 40 per cent of production may be requisitioned to be paid for in gold rubles. The concessionnaire may export 50 per cent of the produce, the Russian Government having the option of purchasing the whole or part of the remainder in gold rubles at the market price. Labor may be imported from Italy up to 50 per cent, the balance of work to be given to native workmen under proper labor contracts at ruling rates. As regards Italian labor the contracts may follow Italian custom. The technical and administrative staff to be appointed exclusively by the grantees. The Russian Government reserves the right of supervision over labor contracts. A special clause accords to the grantees certain rights of working any oil, phosphates, and pyrites found under the conceded territory, also of working the forests in the conceded and adjacent territory.

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